

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY JANUARY 10, 1922.

NUMBER 12

DIED IN CHATTANOOGA.

Mrs. Latitia Montgomery, Formerly of this place, Succumbs After a Short Illness.

BURIED HERE LAST THURSDAY.

Friends of Columbia were notified last Tuesday afternoon that Mrs. Latitia Montgomery, the widow of the late Scott Montgomery, had just died at Chattanooga where she had been living for about two years. She was a victim of heart trouble but was not confined to her bed until a few hours before her death. She was 68 years old.

Her daughter, Miss May, the only living child, was with her, administering as only a loving daughter could.

Mrs. Montgomery was born and reared in this county, and was a daughter of Bryson Martin, who, in his life time, was well-known over the county. For many years she lived with her husband near and in the town of Columbia. Her husband died in this place about two years ago.

The remains reached here Wednesday afternoon and on Thursday were interred by the side of her husband and son, in the city cemetery, the funeral exercises being conducted by Rev. R. V. Bennett.

There were many flowers.

Turning from the grave to Miss May, who is left alone, the profoundest sympathy is felt for her. Besides, Miss May a grandson survives, who makes his home with his grandfather, Mr. J. H. Judd.

Valuable Lot for Sale.

The vacant lot on the public square, known as the Walker lot. It fronts the square about 22 feet, and fronts Main Street, behind the Bank of Columbia about 30 feet. The sale will be made on Saturday, January 14th, at 1 o'clock to the highest and best bidder. Terms, made known on day of sale.

Mrs. Tola Walker,
Mrs. Nat Walker,
Miss Alice Walker

S. C. Neat, County Court Clerk, had issued up to last Thursday morning, 224 touring car licenses, and 24 truck licenses. Mr. Neat thought the above was about one half the number he would be called upon to issue.

Wanted.

Wanted.—Agents to sell Monuments for Old, Reliable Firm, Established 1876. Apply

John Vernia & Son,
New Albany, Ind.
12-4t

The given name of the Mr. Wilson, who died in the Mill district, was Shelby. It was given to the News as Merideth.

LOST.—A dark Red pup about 4 months old. Will give a reward if returned to

S. H. Mitchell, Columbia, Ky.

Born, to the wife of Mr. Lee Tuney, Danville, a few days ago, a fine son. Mrs. Tuney, before her marriage, was Miss Corinne Breeding.

For Sale.

One Red baby carriage, Davenport, Bernice Martin bedstead, complete, Victor talking machine. Call

Mrs. Rachel Grissom.

Miss Mary Hughes, daughter of Mr. S. T. Hughes, is now teaching in the High School, Mrs. W. J. Flowers, a very competent instructor, having resigned. Miss Hughes has also had the necessary advantages.

Last Wednesday was not a favorable day for receiving pork, but several hogs were delivered in town.

Mr. Virgil Collins, the Town Marshal of Columbia, has removed to Columbia, and is occupying the Marcus Loyd dwelling in White City.

Gone to Edmonton.

Mr. Geo. McMahan came up from Edmonton the first of last week, and on Wednesday he returned with his entire family where they will reside. Several weeks ago we spoke of this contemplated removal and also the good qualities of this excellent family. In this issue we want to repeat that Columbia is the loser, but the very best wishes of the entire town go with the McMahan family. Mr. McMahan will be missed from business affairs and also from the fraternal lodge and Chapter of which he is an honored member. From the social affairs of the town Mrs. McMahan, daughters and son will be missed. A void is felt at the First National Bank, where Miss Mary Graves, the oldest daughter, held a responsible position and was very much liked. When they again remove we trust that Columbia will be considered the place

Died at Joppa.

Last Monday week Mrs. Fannie Montgomery, who was the widow of Black Bob Montgomery, died at her late home, near Joppa. She was about eighty years old, and some years ago she lost her eye sight. She was loved and respected by all the neighborhood—a true Christian woman. A large circle of friends attended the funeral and burial, all being in sympathy with the surviving members of the family

Spirella, the World's Best Corset.

To secure figure control and perfect support—Health, Comfort, style and Durability—You should have a Spirella Corset and adjusted by Spirella trained Corsetiere

Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson,
Spirella Corsetiere.
Phone 142.

The Lindsey-Wilson Mill is a solid mass of humanity. A very large number of students entered from various localities Tuesday. In this school the students are nearly all grown. We are glad that we live in a school town. Besides the Lindsey-Wilson we have a Graded and High School which is also full.

Save 20 per cent by trading with one of our chain stores. Call at the Racket Store in Butler Building and get prices.

Some of our subscribers, who live in distant States, are clamoring for oil news. We will state for their benefit that drilling in this part of the State has been dull for several weeks, but we are informed by men who are interested that several deep wells will be put down in Adair, Cumberland and Russell in a very short time. Men who are engaged in the business feel satisfied that oil in great quantities will be found in the fields mentioned above as soon as deep wells are put down.

Smith's White Burley seed. Also Improved One-Sucker—\$1.00 per oz.

T. I. Smith,
Cane Valley, Ky.
12-2t

Mr. J. E. Leslie, editor of the Tompkinsville News, was married during the holidays to Mrs. Etta Spear. The rites were solemnized at the Methodist parsonage in his town. Here is to you, John, and we hope the road to matrimony was easier than the one we traveled from Jamestown to Columbia. Mr. Leslie is a nephew of the late Governor Leslie.

Mr. Gordon Montgomery, who is the legal advisor of the County Court, will at all times be found in his office which is in the West room of the Court house. He is, as all know a first-class lawyer, and will ever be ready to look after the fiscal affairs of the county. It is his duty to prosecute offenders of the law, and he will do so without fear or favor.

May Lose An Eye.

Mrs. L. C. Hindman, of this place, has met with a serious misfortune. For several weeks she has complained of her right eye giving her much trouble, and she suffered greatly. She consulted Dr. C. M. Russell, who decided that the trouble was caused by an internal obstruction, and she was advised to go to a specialist in Louisville. She went the first of last week, but did not meet with any encouragement. She was advised to return home and return to the city in three weeks. It is feared that she will lose the sight of the eye.

All five cent articles four cents.
Package Oats 10 cents
Racket Store

Conover-Conover.

Last Thursday, Jan. 5th Mr. William Conover and Mrs. Nannie Conover drove to the residence of Eld. Z. T. Williams where they were united in marriage. The bride was the widow of Mr. Bant Conover, a brother of the groom, who died about three years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Conover are numbered among our best people, and the best wishes of their many friends are extended.

Persons wanting cottages, see J. R. Garnett.

Mr. C. R. Hutchison informs us that he calculates to rebuild on his site, on the public square, as soon as winter is over. He has sufficient brick to put up the house, and he says he will erect an attractive store building. "There is nothing else for me to do," said Mr. Hutchison, who wants to continue in business, and there is not a business house in Columbia for rent.

WANTED.—To buy or rent small farm.

H. L. Price,
835 E. Georgia St.,
Indianapolis, Ind

Mr. J. B. Powell, who lives near Craycraft, and who has been laid up for several months, was in town last Thursday, on crutches. He is improving and hopes to be himself soon.

Attention.

I have moved my stock of goods from the public square to my new store-house, on the pike below the cemetery. I intend to keep a general store and will handle everything in the dry goods line. Will also handle groceries and keep the best of sugar and coffee. For men's and ladies' shoes, my store is the place for bargains.

J. W. Burton.
12-2t

The new Court has moved off in fine shape and it is predicted that Mr. Jeffries will make a very efficient County Judge. Mr. Gordon Montgomery is an experienced County Attorney and every body knows he will do his work satisfactorily. Mr. Paxton is busy, at his desk and it is believed that he will make a good clerk.

More power, more miles. Ask for that Good Gulf Gasoline.

Joe Hurt, Agt.,
Gulf Refining Co., Inc.,
Tel. 266 Campbellsville, Ky.

The directors of the Columbia Fair Association have already commenced making preparations for the next meet. The grand stand was recovered last week and some other improvements made on the grounds. The date for the next Fair has not been given out, but it is likely to open about the middle of August.

Cole's airtight heater, practically new. Call News Office.

A very large steam boiler was on the square last Friday, enroute for the Carnahan Refinery, Creelsboro.

Adair County News, \$1.50 per year

A Sad Accident.

Will Edrington, a popular young man who lived at Cane Valley, accidentally shot himself Monday morning, dying in a few minutes. The accident brought much sorrow to Cane Valley and the surrounding country where the young man was well-known. He was also known to the young men of Columbia.

My Jersey bull is now in my lot. \$1.50 at the gate.

Joe Barbee.

No Market for Lumber.

Mr. Peter Powell was in Columbia last Wednesday, and while talking to the News man about hard times, said: "Let me tell you. Two years ago I sold J. W. Phillips, of Taylor county, some standing trees for a certain sum of money. He paid me for the timber and I gave him two years to cut and get the logs off my land. He cut one hundred and fifty good logs and left them. I saw him a few days ago and told him I wanted the logs hauled off my place. He said no use to haul them; there is no price on lumber, and I make you a present of the cut timber. The logs will lie and rot, as I can not haul them off my land."

All Ten-cent articles 8c at Racket Store.

Last Sunday was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. On that day 1815 Jackson defeated the British after peace had been declared. In this battle bales of cotton furnished the breast works for the Americans.

On Friday, Jan. 6th, Messdames Geo. Stults, Gordon Montgomery and Geo. Staples gave two lovely dinners at the residence of Mrs. Staples, on Burkesville St. The first dinner was served at noon and the second at six o'clock. The tables were decorated with ferns and narcissus. A delicious menu was served to the following guests: Miss Vic Hughes and Miss Allene Ritchey, of Burkesville. Messdames W. R. Myers, A. D. Patterson, M. L. Grissom, W. A. Hynes, L. C. Hindman, Tilden Wilcoxson, Richard Dohoney, J. O. Russell, J. L. Walker, S. P. Miller, Geo. Montgomery, J. F. Patterson, J. G. Eubank, W. A. Coffey, Daisy Hamlett, Bruce Montgomery, M. C. Winfrey, Fred Myers, C. M. Russell, H. A. Walker, Eros Barger, Frances Montgomery, L. M. Young, Count Stults.

For Sale.

A house and lot in Columbia on Jamestown Street. See

Barger Bros.

We do hope that Judge Jeffries will as soon as possible, take steps to have the Adair county end of the Campbellsville pike improved. Travelers complain daily about our end of the pike, and that highway should be given his first attention, as it is the one that is mostly traveled. Our County Judge has a watchful eye, and we believe he will not only look after the above piece of road, but all other highways of the county.

Campbellsville, Ky.

Jan. 4, 1922.

Editor News:—

Enclosed you will please find check of \$3.00 for two years subscription to the News. We are always glad to receive your paper as it contains valuable news.

Yours for success,
I. K. Miller & Sons.

Why stand in your own light. Ask your merchant for Radium Coal Oil.

Joe Hurt, Agt.,
Gulf Refining Co., Inc.,
Tel. 266 Campbellsville, Ky.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Dohoney & Dohoney, general merchants, to-day's paper. They will have something to say to the trade each week during the year 1922. Watch their "ad."

Died in Indiana.

Relatives here got word two weeks ago of the death of Mr. A. I. Hurt, which occurred in Lafayette, Ind., but the intelligence of his demise did not reach this office until last Saturday. He was a native of Adair county, a son of W. B. Hurt, deceased, and was well known about Columbia where he resided with his family for several years. He was not a good manager, but was a straight, honorable man. There are yet many of his relatives living in this county. He was a victim of a cancer, and was fifty-odd years old.

If you appreciate health, comfort and the best figure line, wear a Spirella corset.

Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson,
Spirella Corsetiere.

Removed to Campbellsville.

Mr. O. P. Willis, who has been employed as City Marshall of the town of Campbellsville for the year 1922, removed his family to that place last Wednesday. We predict that he will make that place a diligent officer, take 'em a-going' and a coming, and will make the town a good citizen. He has an excellent family, and we take pleasure in commending him and his people to the good citizens of Campbellsville.

My Duroc registered boar is ready for service. \$1.00 at the Gate.

Richard Shirley, Jr.

In talking with a Taylor county farmer recently he said "that I. K. Miller & Sons, who live but a short distance from Burdick, are the most systematic farmers we have in my county. They read farm literature and keep posted. They are great wheat growers and their coming crop is look well, notwithstanding the cold weather has retarded some crops. They are not only grain growers, but they raise the finest of hogs and cattle, and their farm at all times looks as clean as a pin. The Messrs. Miller are not natives of Taylor county, but everybody is glad that they are with us."

Cane Granulated Sugar at the Racket Store only 6c.

Lamentable Accident.

Last Monday afternoon while Mr. T. A. Sheridan was en route, in his car, from Campbellsville to this place, a serious accident occurred at Cane Valley. As we are told a Mrs. Watson with a small child of Mr. Joel Arnold were in a buggy and the horse became scared, ran off, upsetting the buggy. A leg of the child was broken in two places and Mrs. Watson's shoulder was dislocated. Mr. Sheridan is charged with being the cause of the accident. He states that he did not see a buggy, and knew nothing of the charge against him until he reached Columbia. There will be an examining trial, at which, the facts will be drawn out. We are truly sorry that the accident occurred, and especially do we feel for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, who are grieved over their child getting hurt. It is here proper to state that Mr. Sheridan is very much hurt that the charge of the accident should be laid against him, accusing him of reckless driving. Wait before passing judgment

Sheriff Geo. Coffey and his deputy, Mr. S. F. Coffey, have started well at the beginning of the year, and there is not a doubt but they will keep busy the year around. They propose to execute papers promptly, and to be ready for the circuit courts. They will have no favorites; will conduct the affairs of the office in a courteous manner and at the same time as the law directs. Their office will at all times be open and they invite their friends to call.

Read the advertisement of Russell & Co. which will be found in today's paper.

Married in Lebanon.

On Saturday night a little while before the bells rung in the New Year, wedding bells rung out for the last wedding of the year in Marion county. The ceremony took place in the manse of the Presbyterian church, when Dr. S. D. Bartle joined in holy wedlock Raymond Tye Faulkner, of Campbellsville, and Miss Sallie E. Murphy, of Liberty.

Mr. Faulkner, who graduated last year from Centre College, is a well-known young farmer and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Faulkner. The bride is one of Casey county's popular young women, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Murphy, of Liberty. The couple were accompanied by Mrs. Lewis Humphrey, of Lebanon, who with Marshall Simms, were registered as witnesses. The couple will make their home on Mr. Faulkner's farm in Taylor county.

Both the bride and groom are graduates of the Lindsey-Wilson and are well and favorably known here. The bride is a niece of Mrs. R. F. Rowe, this place, and Mrs. W. L. Russell, of Purdy. The couple will be given hearty congratulations when they visit Columbia.

Spirella Corsets Reduced.

Buy your corset before you begin your spring sewing. A properly selected and adjusted corset sometimes changes the waist line.

Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson,
Spirella Corsetiere.

The Infallible Cure.

[By S. E. Kiser.]

I have bunched some thoughts together, to be used when things go wrong:

One is this, that nasty weather (won't be nasty very long.

And another's that complaining over what is past and done

Never helps us to be gaining pleasures waiting to be won;

When it seems as if I'm friendless, I pull up and say: "Old Scout

You've a solace that is endless; brace yourself and work it out."

I decline to listen slyly if men whisper when I'm near:

If they don't speak of me highly I'll feel better not to hear;

I've some thoughts that I am keeping, to be used in times of need;

It is foolish to be weeping when one's hurts have ceased to bleed;

When the chance I've taken fails me and my plans are strewn about

There's a sure cure for what ails me; I can always work it out.

I have found that tearful fretting never helps to set things right,

And I'm practicing forgetting when remembrance leads to spite;

Here's another thought I'm saving for the chilly, rainy day:

There is no gain in behaving in a helpless, hopeless way;

When existence seems to bore me, all my pleasures put to rout,

And I see the dark specks before me, I fall to and "work it out."

I have waited patiently on all who have accounts with me, and now please come in and settle same. My books must be square.

Respt.,

Albin Murray.

The mill district in this town commands quite a lot of business. Besides the flouring mill there is a planing and saw mill, three general stores and a garage, all seem to be doing well.

All persons indebted to Willis Bros. must call and settle at once.

11-2t Willis Bros.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Wilson who live a short distance from Ozark, died last Thursday night. He was five years old.

See Mrs. Emma Jones for sewing.

11-3t

The GIRL HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angela. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and the dog. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram set the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to kiss her. After a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt, Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Broughton decides to have it out with him next day.

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped. He also discovers that his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership. Myself, Broughton, of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

Being stopped off short in every other direction, we finally gravitated over to the shaft-house and went to work in an aimless sort of fashion gathering up the wreckage of the smashed gear train and putting things shipshape again. With steam up, we turned the machinery over a few times, just to see that everything was in working order again, and I threw in the clutch of the centrifugals, merely for the satisfaction of hearing the flood rushing through the outlet. When the pumps were going at full speed I went to look down the shaft. As before, when we had run the pumps for a week on end, there was a slight disturbance of the water, but nothing more. My makeshift float-and-pulley gauge showed no change in the level.

Suddenly a freak notion seized me that I'd like to know just what was going on down in those black depths into which the suction pipes of the big pump's led.

"Daddy, I'm going to try to find out something," I declared and forthwith began to strip my clothes off. "We've seen the water coming out at the other end of things, and now, by George, I mean to make sure that it's going in at this end."

He didn't try very hard to dissuade me, and a minute or so later I was crawling down the shaft ladder in the habiliments that old Mother Nature gave me. It was my first exploration of the shaft, and I was surprised to find it so well and tightly timbered; "boxed" is the better word, since the timbering was really a substantial wooden box built within the square outlines of the pit. Common sense told me that this must have been done to prevent the caving in of the sides; and afterward I remembered wondering, at the time, that the shaft should have been sunk in caving material when the remainder of the bench upon which the buildings stood appeared to be little else than solid rock.

By feeling with a tree foot I could determine that the pump suction pipes went on still farther, and then the real adventure began. The ladder suddenly gave out, cut, ended. There were no more rounds below the one

upon which I was standing. That being the case, there was nothing for it but to dive, feet foremost, and taking a deep breath, I let go of the ladder and began to swim downward. Almost before I realized it I was fighting desperately for dear life. One of the big suction pipes had taken hold of a foot and leg, like a tentacle of an enormous octopus, and I was unable to get loose.

After all, it was Daddy Hiram who saved my life. Suddenly the thunder of the pumps, magnified a thousandfold for me in that icy pit of death, stopped short and the mechanical squid let go of my leg. With lungs bursting I shot to the surface and weakly clutched the ladder. Framed in the square of daylight a dozen feet



Framed in the Square of Daylight I Could See Daddy Hanging Over the Mouth of the Pit.

overhead I could see Daddy hanging over the mouth of the pit; saw him and heard his shouted words: "Freeze to the ladder, boy—I'm a-comin' down after ye!"

I was freezing all right, in both senses of the word, but I found breath to warn him back, and presently managed to crawl up the ladder and roll out upon the shaft-house floor. Instantly the old man pounced upon me, buffeting, slapping and rubbing, mauling me worse than any Turkish-bath pirate would have dared to. It was kept torture, but it turned the trick, and by the time I was able to breathe comfortably again, I had acquired a beautiful spanked blush where I had been blue—all but the great bruise, ring-shaped, where the suction pipe had bit me.

Of course, Daddy was chock full of sympathy and concern, mixed up with a good bit of curiosity. "One of the suction pipes," I explained, beginning to crawl back into my clothes. "I was foolish enough to get under it and it grabbed and held me. If you hadn't stopped the pumps I'd have been a gone goose. I was just about all in, as it was."

"Well, you found out the pumps are suckin' all right, anyhow," he remarked.

"They sure are; you'd think so if you'd been where I was." Then I began to recall some of those mixed and mingled impressions I had gathered. "What kind of soil is there under this floor, Daddy?" I asked.

"Huh!" he snorted; "what soil there is on this here ledge you could mighty near put in your eye, I reckon. 'Tain't nothin' but rock, and blame' hard rock, at that."

"That was my notion. But if the shaft is in rock, why did they box it so strongly with timber? Surely there wouldn't be any danger of a cave in solid stone."

"Well, now, I'm dinged!" he returned, musingly. "Long as I've been monkeyin' round mines and such, it never once come to me to wonder about that!"

Speaking of the wooden bulkheading renewed that other impression, or rather two of them; of having the feeling that I was shut in a tight box at the moment of the fiercest struggling, and the other of fancying that I had felt a swirling inrush of the liquid ice as well as the sucking outrush. But the recollection was so confused that I attached no importance to it. When a man is fighting for his life ten or twelve feet under water, pipe-dreams are nothing to the things he can imagine.

It was while we were sitting at the shaft-house door, hammering away at the old puzzle of why the water level never varied so much as a fraction of an inch in the shaft, in wet seasons or

dry—as Daddy testified it never did—and why the subtraction of two six-inch streams at a velocity sufficient to stir up a veritable whirlpool at the suction intakes should make no impression upon it, that I began to notice the queer actions of the pie-faced collier, Barney. First he would come and stick his cold nose into my hand; then he'd trot over to the cabin and back, and maybe loaf a little way down the road toward the bench level. Coming around to the shaft-house again, he'd sit beside Daddy Hiram, yawning and panting as if he were waiting impatiently for us to stop talking and pay some attention to him.

"Poor old Barney's homesick, and I don't blame him," I said. "I'm feeling a good bit that way, myself, Daddy." Then to the dog: "Come here, old boy!"

The collier came to lick my hand, and while I was petting him I found a pretty bad gash just behind one of his ears.

"See here, Daddy," I broke out; "the dog's hurt!"

We examined the wound and decided at once that it was not a bite. It was a bruised cut, looking as if it had been made by some blunt instrument or weapon. I had a hot-flash vision of Bullerton kicking the dog with his iron-shod heel in an attempt to drive him back home, and it was so real that I couldn't shake it off.

When it began to grow dusk in the shaft-house we shut up shop and went over to the cabin to cook our supper. The dog went along, but evidently with reluctance. While we were crossing the dump head he turned back and once more started off down the road toward the bench level, but when he found that we were not following him he came to heel again. Still, neither of us had dog sense enough to guess what was the matter with him.

Daddy Hiram and I, being merely stupid humans, were commenting upon his queer actions, and laying them to Jeanie's absence, when again the dog started off down the road, looking back and barking when he found that we were still sitting on the doorstep. At that, since even solid ivory can be penetrated if the would-be driller of it stays on the job long enough, we finally caught on.

"Say, Stannie!—he's a-tryin' to tell us to come on!" Daddy exclaimed, starting to his feet. "Methuselah-to-gracious! did it have to take us a hull endurin' afternoon to figure out that much dog-talk?"

"It looks that way," I admitted; but now, having "figgered" it out, we made no delay. Daddy got his rifle and cartridge-belt, and told me to take Jeanie's pistol for myself—which I did. And thus equipped we took the trail, Indian-filing down the mountain road in the darkness, Daddy Hiram, with his gun in the crook of his left arm, setting the pace, and the collier running on ahead to point the way.

CHAPTER XII.

Around Robin Hood's Barn.
After we had covered possibly two of the four miles between the Cinnabar and the railroad station, the dog branched off to the left along the mountain on a road that was little better than a bridle path through the forest, and which, for the time, kept its level on the slope, neither ascending nor descending.

"How about it, Daddy?" I asked. "Where does this trail go?"

"Give it time enough, it comes out at the old Haversack, on Greaser mountain."

"Ends there, you mean?"

"You said it; far as I know, it ends there."

"What is the Haversack?"

"It ain't nothin', now. Used to be a gold prospect eight 'r ten year ago. Never got far enough along to be a mine, they tell me."

It was certainly singular that the dog should be leading us to an abandoned mining project, but Barney seemed to know perfectly well where he was going.

In one of the gulch headings there was a patch of wash sand in what was, in wet weather, a runway for water, but which was now only a streamless ravine with a few damp spots in it. Here Daddy called a halt, and while the dog sat down and yawned at us and otherwise manifested his impatience at the delay, the old man gathered a few pine-cones and twigs, struck a match and lighted a fire, cautioning me meanwhile not to walk on the damp sand patch.

I hadn't the slightest idea of what he was driving at, and he didn't explain; but after the fire had blazed up enough to light the surroundings a bit, he went down upon his hands and knees and began to give an imitation of a man hunting for a dropped piece of money. "It's sort o' queer. Jeanie's been here, and the dog's been back and across a couple o' times, as you can see. But Bullerton hasn't crossed here. There's only the one set o' tracks."

We made a wider search, with a dead pine branch for a torch, but found no other tracks; in fact, the gulch was gullied so deeply above and below that there was no other practicable crossing-place for a horse. If Jeanie had headed for the gulch—and the hoof prints in the sand, and Daddy's identification of them seemed to prove this past any question of doubt—she had headed it alone. But why had she been riding alone into the depths of this uninhabited mountain wilderness?

Calm and self-contained as he usually was, I could see, or rather feel, that Daddy Hiram was growing increasingly nervous as we pushed on. I didn't blame him; so far from it, I was sharing the nervousness in full measure. What were we going to find at the end of the trail?

It must have been at least two miles

beyond the damp sand patch that the dim trail we had been following ended abruptly at the abandoned mining claim spoken of by Daddy Hiram—the Haversack. The starlight was bright enough to show us what there was to be seen, which wasn't much; a couple of tumble-down shacks, a shed that had probably been the prospectors' blacksmith shop, and a tunnel mouth that had once been securely boarded up, but from which the bulkheading was now partly fallen away.

Once more Daddy hunted for a dead pine branch and lighted a torch. The shacks were empty, of course, and while we did not go into the tunnel, we could see, through the broken bulkheading, that it was half filled with caved-in earth and broken stone. Underfoot there was only the coarse gravel of the tunnel spoil, and a full troop of cavalry might have passed over it without leaving any visible trail. Worse than all, Barney, the pie-faced collier, appeared now to be completely at fault. He was running around in circles with his nose to the ground; a pretty plain indication that he had lost the trail.

"I'll be bat-clawed and owl-hooted if I know what-all to do next," Daddy puzzled.

He hadn't any the best of me there, and it was precisely at this point that the split-faced dog took it into his head to add another snarl to the knotted tangle. After galloping around all over the place half a dozen times, sniffing at everything in sight, he had finally come to a stand with his nose at a crack in the tunnel boarding. The next instant he had leaped through the hole where the planks had fallen away, and presently we heard him whining and scratching behind the bulkhead.

I don't know about Daddy Hiram's heart, but I do know that mine was doing flip-flops and back somersaults when we ran up to see what the dog had found in the tunnel. For a half-second after Daddy thrust his torch through the hole I was afraid to look—scared stiff at the thought of what I might see. When I did look, I saw the dog digging frantically at the heap of caved-in earth, and, of course to my disordered imagination, the hole in which he was burrowing transformed itself at once into a newly made grave.

"Good God!" I gasped; and then: "Look, Daddy—right under your torch!"

He looked and staggered back, and would have dropped the blazing pine branch if I hadn't caught it from his hand. For what he saw, and what I had seen, was the unmistakable print, in the soft earth just inside of the planking, of one of Jeanie's brown-leather riding-boots.

In another half-second we were both in the tunnel and Daddy was heaving the dog aside from the hole he was pawing out in the earth fall. Snatching up a broken-handled shovel that the former tunnel drivers had thrown away, the old man flung himself madly upon the dirt pile, and since there



The Old Man Flung Himself Madly Upon the Dirt Pile.

was room for only one to work at a time, I stood at his elbow and held the torch. I don't know what he expected to find hidden under the slide, but I do know what I was afraid he was going to find.

After all, it was only a flash in the pan, so far as any dreadful discovery was concerned. Inside of five minutes, Daddy, working like a man demented, had dug the entire cave-in away, and there was nothing to show for the frantic shoveling—less than nothing. Again, I don't know how Daddy felt, but I'm sure I was able to breathe better, the improvement dating from the moment when it became apparent that the earth heap had grown too small under the shovel stabs to possibly conceal a human body.

The collier had followed us and Daddy Hiram scowled down at him. "If that dog could only be like old Gran'paw Balaam's donkey for a minute 'or so," he mused. "He saw her go in there and saw her come out; likewise and the same, he must've seen what she did after she come out. Looks as if he wanted to talk and tell us, don't he?"

Barney was certainly giving a good imitation of that, or some other anxiety. He was frisking about and barking, leaping up now and then to snap at an imaginary fly in the air. Daddy caught him by his lower jaw and held

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

DEHLER BROTHERS CO.,

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On to Mobile, Ala.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 7.—Organized Bible classes in the Baptist Sunday Schools of Kentucky are arranging to send a large delegation to Mobile, Alabama, February 7, 8, 9, for the South-wide convention of Bible class representatives ever held, it is announced by the Baptists Headquarters in this city. The railroads have granted reduced rates for the occasion, and Rev. W. A. Gardiner, 205 E. Chestnut, Louisville, State Sunday School Secretary, has been named transportation manager for Kentucky. Prof. J. L. Hill, Dean of Georgetown College, Georgetown, and Dr. V. I. Masters, editor of the Western Recorder, Louisville, are booked for addresses at the convention.

The immediate aim of the convention is to more fully enlist all the Baptist forces of the South in personal soul winning and all other christian work in the local churches. While there were practically 250,000 baptisms among Southern Baptists last year this convention will seek to arouse the local Bible classes in the task of enrolling 500,000 Baptists in winning at least one soul to Christ during 1922.

At present there are thousands of unenlisted Baptists in the South, and there will be projected at the Convention a movement to conduct during the fall a complete survey in every community in the South that will reveal this unchurched Baptists and the possibilities for evangelism among the unsaved, this survey to be conducted by the members of the organized Bible classes.

The most experienced and successful Sunday School workers of the South have been engaged to address the convention and discuss class methods, while some of the special speakers are William Senninga Bryan, Roger W. Babson, the noted statistician and John D. Sage, president of the Union Central Life Insurance Company. Secretary of Labor, John J. Davis, has tentatively accepted an invitation to deliver an address.

It is estimated that more than 55 per cent of all automobiles in the United States are in towns of less than 5,000 population. And that less than 9 per cent are in cities with 500,000 people, and more.

Tax revenue from automobile and other motor vehicle registration for seven months in 1921 is more than \$6,000,000 ahead of the taxes paid in the whole of 1920.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky

Was Very Weak

"After the birth of my baby I had a back-set," writes Mrs. Mattie Crosswhite, of Glade Spring, Va. "I was very ill; thought I was going to die. I was so weak I couldn't raise my head to get a drink of water. I took . . . medicine, yet I didn't get any better. I was constipated and very weak, getting worse and worse. I sent for Cardui."

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"I found after one bottle of Cardui I was improving," adds Mrs. Crosswhite. "Six bottles of Cardui and . . . I was cured, yes, I can say they were a God-send to me. I believe I would have died, had it not been for Cardui." Cardui has been found beneficial in many thousands of other cases of womanly troubles. If you feel the need of a good, strengthening tonic, why not try Cardui? It may be just what you need.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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him immovable. "Go find her, Barney!" he commanded; "good dog—go find her!"

The instant he was released the collie acted as if he understood perfectly what was wanted of him. Springing aside, he began to circle again, nose to the ground, and within half a minute he was off, this time heading into a dim trail that led away diagonally down the mountain, not in the direction of Atropia, but rather on the other leg of a triangle, one side of which might be the desert edge, one the trail we had followed from the Atropia road, and the third the route we were now taking to the eastward.

It must have been within an hour or so of midnight when we left the mountain forests behind and got into the region of barren foothills. Here the collie seemed much surer of his ground, and we had our work cut out for us in the effort to keep up with him. In the starlight I made out the line of telegraph poles as we ran, and pretty soon our dog leader swung off to the right and we found ourselves trotting on a line parallel to the railroad track and only a little way from it.

Pretty soon the dog disappeared; and then we heard him barking at a little distance to the left of the parallel tracks. When we went to see what he had found, the mystery suddenly took another tack and veered off into a new channel. In a small grassy hollow between two of the hills we came upon the dog and the calico pony. The bridle reins had slipped over the bronco's head, and Barney had them between his teeth and was backing and tugging and apparently trying to pull the pony along.

"Well, I'll be dinged!" said Daddy; but I couldn't unload quite that easily. For me the riderless pony meant an accident of some sort.

"Heavens!" I gasped; "do you suppose she's been thrown, and—maybe crippled?"

"Who—Jeanie? Why, bless your heart, Stannie, son, she can ride 'em wild! And that calico wouldn't buck a baby off. No, boy; don't you go to frettin' about nothin' like that. When she got out o' that saddle, it was 'cause she was good and ready and wanted to."

"When she got off to take the train, she tried to make Barney lead the pony home," I suggested. "Would she be likely to do that?"

Daddy Hiram slapped his leg. "You've hit it exactly, son! Don't know why I didn't think o' that at first. It's an old trick that she taught the collie when he was a lit' pup. And Barney, he tried, and when he couldn't make the pinto leave off grazin', he come for us. Sure!—that was the way of it. What say if we go back to the edge o' the timber and camp down? I reckon there ain't nothin' to be gained by hittin' the trail afore we've had a lit' rest-up spell, is there?"

I had no objection to offer, you may be sure; and after we had found a camping spot, and had picketed the pony with the light rope that Jeanie always carried tied to the cantle of her saddle, we made a good fire to serve in lieu of the blankets that we didn't have and stretched ourselves out to sleep the sleep of the fagged and leg-weary.

The next thing I knew—and it seemed to be just about a minute after I had closed my eyes—Daddy was shaking me awake.

"Time to be moggin' along, if we aim to get home for breakfast, sonny," he announced. At the break of day we were coming into the Cinnabar-Atropia road at precisely the point at which we left it the evening before.

The sun was just beginning to gild the upper heights of Old Cinnabar when we trailed over the broad plateau bench below the mine and headed for the slope that led up to the dump head. As we topped this last hill there was an amazing surprise awaiting us—a surprise and a shock. On the level spot which served as a dooryard for the Twombly cabin stood a horse, saddled and bridled, its drooped ears and hanging head showing that it had been ridden far and hard. And on the cabin door-step, sitting at ease and calmly chewing a half-burned cigar, was Bullerton!

CHAPTER XIII.

A Battle and a Siege.

It was Daddy Hiram who made the first break.

"Charley Bullerton, where's my daughter?" he rapped out, hurling the question at the loafer on our doorstep in a sort of deadly rage that you wouldn't have thought possible in so mild-mannered a man.

"You needn't worry about her," was the cool response. "Didn't you get the note she left for you, saying that you needn't?" Then, as if he had just seen and recognized me: "Hello, Broughton; we've missed a day, but I'll give you the benefit of it and not dock you."

Are you selling the old water-tugged Cinnabar for twenty thousand dollars this fine morning? It'll probably save you more or less trouble if you are."

He didn't get the kind of answer he wanted; or any relating to the mine. Unbuckling Jeanie's gun and handing it to Daddy Hiram, I walked across to where he was sitting, keeping a wary eye on the hand which would have to be the one to go after the weapon he had once showed me hanging under his left arm-pit.

"Mr. Twombly has just asked you where his daughter is, and you haven't told him," I gritted. "You've got about ten seconds in which to tell him all you know, and after you've done it, I'm going to trim you!"

He had scrambled to his feet when he saw me coming, and, just as I expected, that watched right hand flicked suddenly under his coat. At that I rushed him and we mixed it promptly. I got hold of the gun hand before it got to the pistol butt, and at the clinch we were all over the place, each grappling for the underhold, and neither of us paying much attention to the rules. Marquis of Queensberry or other. Bullerton was a heavyweight; he had probably fifteen pounds the advantage of me in that direction; but after I had got the thumb of my free hand upon a certain spot in his neck, it was all over but the funeral.

Jehu! how he swore when I crumpled him, and took his gun away from him, and slammed him down on a bed of broken stone and stuck a knee into his breathing machinery. But he couldn't do anything; the thumb-jab had fixed him. His head was skewed over to one side and he couldn't straighten it. I groped around until I found that other paralyzing nerve ganglia—the one at the joint of the third vertebra.

"Listen to what he says, Daddy!" I said to the old man who stood looking on with the face of a wooden image. Then to Bullerton, who was now merely a wad of flesh gone flaccid under the torturing touch: "Tell what you know, and all you know; and tell it quick and straight!" and I gave him



Jehu! How He Swore!

one more little prod on the agony nerve.

With a preliminary shriek he let it out by littles, gasping between the words and phrases like a man in the last stages of lockjaw.

"We were going to Angels—to get married," he panted. "Ah—oh—I was to meet her at Atropia—she—she was afraid to ride all the way with me—afraid—the old man—would come gunning! Oh, for God's sake, Broughton, take your thumb out of my back—you're killing me by inches!"

"You need a little killing worse than anybody I know," I told him. "Go on; you were to overtake her at Atropia; what then?"

"I didn't see her again!" he howled. "I don't know where she went!"

I didn't believe much of what he was saying, and I think Daddy Hiram didn't, though we had proved it true up to the point where they had separated on the Atropia road. I would have gone on, making him talk some more, but the look that was creeping into the old man's eyes made me let up. As I read the look it meant that Daddy couldn't stand it to see the third-degree stunt carried to its finish, so I got up and pulled Bullerton to his feet. He was pretty badly wrecked, as I meant him to be; still couldn't straighten his neck, and stood as if one leg were about half paralyzed, as perhaps it was.

"This outfit is my property, and you've out-stayed your welcome!" I snapped at him. "Climb your horse and get off the map!"

He limped over to his horse and gathered the reins and tried to put a foot into the stirrup. When I saw that he couldn't do even that much, I grabbed him and heaved him into the saddle; did this, and gave the horse a slap to set him going. I guess I shall always be able to recall the picture of that brown-bearded pirate riding across the Cinnabar dump head in the early morning sunshine, screwing his body in the saddle—because he couldn't turn the stiff-necked head by itself—to yell back at me with sizzling curses, "I'll get you—I'll get you yet! D—n your eyes—do you think you can make a hobbling cripple of me and get away with it? I'll—" and then breaking it off short and kicking the ribs of his nag frantically for more

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KENTUCKY.

A Sad Death.

On the morning of December 20, 1921, the death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Todd, of color, and chose for its victim their son, Curtis, who had been a suffer of tuberculosis for a number of months. Curtis was a noble christian and possessed a loving disposition. The same just God that gave this boy has taken him to dwell with those that are more perfect than we. Curtis was about 17 years of age, and was loved by everyone that knew him. The many friends of his race extend a heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents and will admonish them to go to a great God who has taken Curtis from this world of sorrow into a land of bliss, and will also comfort them in this hour of sorrow.

A friend.

Sixty million chairs have been manufactured in Gardner, Mass., since the industry was first established in that town, a century ago.

The human tongue is not as big and strong as the human arm, but infinitely more industrious.

Tasmania is famous for its large apples.

FRANCIS LYNDE



Francis Lynde is another example of "When a Man Comes to Himself," the title of an excellent little book which ex-President Wilson wrote for young men some years ago.

He was born at Lewiston, N. Y., in 1856, went to Denver as a young man, got him a job on a railroad, married a nice young woman and sailed along in obscurity until he was thirty-seven years old.

Then he woke up and took his pen in hand. What he had to say didn't stir the nation appreciably during the first five years. In 1898 he wrote three novels within 12 months, each one of which was a ten-strike. After that it was easy.

Mr. Lynde has romanticized the railroads of the West and written many other fascinating tales of that region. We have been fortunate enough to secure his late story, "The Girl, a Horse and a Dog," as interesting as its title implies, for serial reproduction in this publication. You must read it!

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Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper, devoted to the Interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second-class matter.

TUESDAY JAN. 10, 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR JUDGE COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce Judge D. A. McCandless a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FRANKFORT.

Jan. 3.—The Kentucky House of Representatives was called to order at 12:01 p. m. by Lilburn Phelps, clerk of the 1922 House.

(By Associated Press.—The Kentucky General Assembly met at noon today for its biennial sixty day session.

Party members in both houses had caucused yesterday and nominated their candidates for Speaker, president pro tem and employes of both the Senate and House.

With the Democrats having two-thirds of the members in the House and a majority of two in the Senate, that party was certain to organize both branches with James H. Thompson, of Paris, representative from Bourbon county, as speaker of House and Senator William A. Perry, of Louisville, as president pro tem of the Senate.

The Republicans elected Joseph H. Bosworth, of Middlesboro, Representative from Bell county, as their floor leader, when they nominated him as their candidate for speaker, and in the Senate, R. M. Brock, of Harlan, was chosen floor leader when he was nominated for president pro tem.

That the Republicans in the House plan to work as a unified body was indicated in the House caucus last night when Jack L. Richardson, of Louisville, was elected whip of the House. In a brief address thanking the members for the honor accorded him, Representative Bosworth, after declaring that the Republicans were here to work for the good of the State, stressed the statement that "we will hang together, boys," no matter what happens.

The Democratic caucuses chose Gates Young, of Owensboro, for clerk of the Senate and Charles J. Howes, of Frankfort, for clerk of the House. They also nominated entire tickets for the various positions in the two houses. The Republicans, however, ignored all offices except that of Speaker and president pro tem with the exception of nominating Andrew Wallace, of Richmond, for page.

Governor Morrow's message to the Legislature was consistently written and contained some very good points.

The safe blowers are still busy. From two to four bank robberies are reported daily.

A CARD.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 6.—Judge Rollin Hurt, of the Court of Appeals, today issued the following statement:

TO MY FRIENDS: About the first of November last, I published a statement to the effect that I was a candidate for the Democratic nomination to succeed myself as Judge of the Court of Appeals, and would continue to be a candidate for such nomination until I should realize that the nomination would be contested by some one becoming a candidate against me in the primary, in which event I should cease to be a candidate, regardless of the chances of my success in the primary election.

I felt that I could not afford, under the circumstances, to make two races for the office. One of the chief reasons which actuated me to make the declaration that I would cease to be a candidate, if the nomination was contested, was that to make a race for the nomination in the primary and then a race at the November election would necessarily take me away from my duties as a member of the Court of Appeals for practically one judicial year, and I felt that such action on my part could not be justified, when the crowded condition of the docket of the court is considered, and litigants throughout the State clamoring for an adjudication of their cases.

I had a hope, however, that the custom prevailing in this district, as well as throughout the State, of giving to a Judge of the Court of Appeals the nomination for a second term, without a contest, would be respected and adhered to by the members of the bar, and all of them with one exception, have conceded the justice of my claims to a nomination and have declined to make a contest for it with me.

In the same issue of the paper, however, in which my statement was published, the Hon. D. A. McCandless, who was then a candidate for re-election, without opposition, for the Circuit Judgeship in the Tenth Judicial District, also became a candidate against me for the nomination to the Appellate Judgeship, and as I have been informed, has been vigorously prosecuting his canvas for the nomination to the Appellate Judgeship since that time.

Though I have been urged by many persons to disregard the terms of my published statement and to continue a candidate, I have declined to do so, because I will not avade or attempt to evade any declaration I have made, and the candidacy of Judge McCandless thus eliminates me as a candidate.

So many persons throughout the district have inquired by letter and otherwise if I was a candidate, and if not why I was not, that I felt that there was some misunderstanding upon the subject, and that it was due to my friends that I should make a statement of the facts so there would be no misunderstanding, and at the same time I wish to convey to them my appreciation of their offers of friendship and support.

Rollin Hurt.

The big ones are still on the hunt seeking a cure for the ills of Europe. Conditions may get better across the pond, but they will be growing in Europe for the next 100 years.

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HON. RALPH GILBERT.

This paper recently stated that the Eighth District had made no mistake in the election of Congressman Gilbert. In confirmation of that remark our attention has been called by Mr. Forre Hood to Mr. Gilbert's services in obtaining \$10,000 insurance for his mother after the Department at Washington had twice refused to pay the claim.

It seems that Mr. Cassius Hood, deceased, ex-service man, who carried an endowment policy with the government, had, upon his discharge allowed his policy to lapse. Later it was discovered that he was infected with tuberculosis contracted while in the army. The late Mr. Hood felt that under the circumstances he was entitled to his insurance. His application for reinstatement was approved, but was lapsed by the Department before his death upon the claim that the policy was not reinstatable. But Mr. Gilbert, using his legal ability on behalf of beneficiary, showed that by approving application and accepting premiums after reinstatement the Department under existing legislation had no discretion in the matter and after personally hearing Mr. Gilbert, the Department ordered the \$10,000. paid.

The Louisville Post in commenting upon the Governor's message to the Legislature, says: The message of Governor Morrow as presented to the Kentucky Legislature yesterday, is an excellent document, and a large majority of the recommendations made by the Governor are wise. At the beginning the Governor notes that the floating debt of the State (a debt for which the Governor is not at all responsible) totaled \$3,732,447.99 on June 30, 1920, while on June 30, 1921, under the operations of the present tax laws, this debt has been reduced to \$3,021,376.71; a reduction of \$714,971.21 in a single year. This is a very creditable showing, and adds weight to the Governor's earnest advice to the Legislature to avoid appropriating money beyond the revenue of the State.

Football is a national game and when a college team goes out for a contest, men who know nothing whatever about the rules of the game, perhaps never saw a spirited contest, become interested and are anxious for the word to come announcing the result. There were quite a number of blue people in this town when the word from Texas came.

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PERSONAL

Mr. A. F. Scott, a business man of Casey Creek, was here a few days ago.
Mr. S. A. Noe, Lebanon, called up on the merchants who deal in lubricating oil last Tuesday.
Mr. Jas. McGuffey, of Stanford, was in Columbia a few days ago.
Mrs. E. B. Barger was quite sick several days of last week.
Miss Minnie Triplett visited relatives in Louisville last week.
Miss Ruth Stapp left Saturday, on her return to Pikeville.
Mr. Ray Montgomery returned from Bowling Green last week.
Miss Jennie McFarland is decidedly better.

Mr. N. S. McLeod, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.
Mr. W. R. Lyon was over from Campbellsville last Friday.
Mr. J. P. Hutchison spent several days of last week in Campbellsville.
Mr. B. F. Chewing has been sick for several days.
Mr. Omar Barbee, of Louisville, is visiting his parents.
Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Stults have returned from Louisville, and will remain during the winter.
Mr. C. E. Shaw, Knoxville salesman, was in Columbia a few days since.
Mr. E. B. Hoke, Louisville, made a business trip to this place last Thursday.

Judge H. C. Baker is considered much better.
Mr. J. T. Collins and Mr. H. B. Fawcett, Campbellsville, were here Saturday.
Miss Ellen Burton, who has been quite sick, threatened with pneumonia, is some better.
Mr. L. C. Hindman accompanied his wife to Louisville to consult an oculist.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hancock, of Cane Valley, were visiting Mrs. Hancock's parents the first of the week.
Mr. James Herford and wife were visiting at Liberty during the holidays.
Messrs. A. G. Oakley and R. A. Dittzman, traveling men out of Louisville, were here Thursday.
Misses Allene Montgomery and Eva Walker will return from Alabama Wednesday. They report a wonderful trip.
Mr. L. M. Young has been quite sick for a few days, threatened with appendicitis.
Messrs. C. C. King, C. B. Snow and John Q. Alexander, all of Louisville, were here a few days ago.
Mr. Chelcie Barger went to Corbin last week, to wind up his affairs, in that town and to ship his household goods home.
Miss Allene Ritchy, of Burkesville, is spending a week or two with her sister, Mrs. John Lee Walker.
Mr. G. T. Flowers, who has been quite sick for the past ten days, was able to walk down town last Friday.
Mr. W. W. Cook, of Esto, well-known about Columbia, left here Friday morning for Tulsa, Ok., where he has a position.
Mr. W. G. Cundiff, wife and baby, of Allen, Texas, are visiting relatives in the county. They left here for Texas twelve or fifteen years ago.
Mr. John S. McFarland, of Jamestown, was down last week, visiting at the home of his brother, Mr. W. G. McFarland.
Mr. Sam Burdette and Mr. W. E. Harris made a business trip to Lebanon last week. Upon their return the latter left, with his little son, George Nell, for West Point, Miss.
Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Reed left for Louisville Monday afternoon. Mr. Reed will enter St. Joseph Infirmary for an operation, and they will probably be absent three weeks.
Dr. W. F. Carwright and wife left for Florida last Sunday. From that State they will go to North and South Carolina where they will visit relatives. They will be absent about six weeks.
Mr. S. D. Barbee, who has been on a visit to Welch, W. Va., for several weeks, returned a few days ago. He brought one of his grandchildren with him. Mrs. Barbee will return in a week or two.
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, Mr. Ralph Hurt and Miss Amelia Dameron, Mr. Hershel Taylor and Miss Anna Mildred Chandler attended the dance at Campbellsville which was given the latter part of Christmas week.

"It is better to have it and not need it, than to need it and not have it."

1922

We are very grateful to our friends for their liberal patronage in the past, and hope to merit its continuation during 1922, by furnishing the highest class indemnity and rendering the greatest possible service.

We wish you a happy and prosperous
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ANNOUNCEMENT

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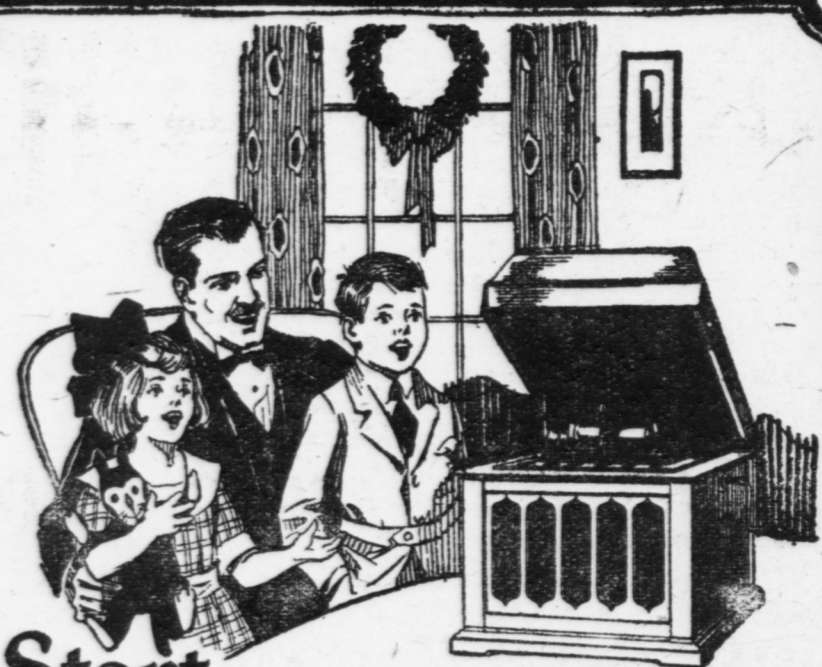
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Start the New Year with GOOD MUSIC

Make 1922 the year when good music came into your home! Let Mr. Edison's

NEW DIAMOND AMBEROLA

give to you and your family the pleasure and entertainment which only a fine musical instrument can bring!

Evenings which you now spend at theatre or movies will be more happily spent at home, when you own the Amberola. This in itself is a real economy!

Right in your own parlor, you can listen to the world's finest music, played and sung by the world's greatest artists. The Amberola music is so beautiful and mellow—so startling in realism—that the most sensitive musical ear cannot detect a trace of the mechanical harshness characteristic of ordinary "talking machines."

Three Days of Good Music—FREE!

Come in today and select an Amberola and twelve records to be delivered to your home free. Enjoy the Amberola for three days, at the end of which time, if you do not agree that it is the world's greatest phonograph value, we will call for it at our own expense.

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Herbert Taylor
COLUMBIA KY.

good when I made as if I were going to run after him.

Throughout this bit of belligerent play, which hadn't used up more than a few minutes, all told, Daddy Hiram had stood aside, as I have said, holding the part of the interested spectator. Now he remarked: "You can't eat all your old clothes, son, that we haven't seen the last of Charley Bullerton, not by a long chalk. You recollect I told you once he'd got a man, down in one of the camps on the Sagache? Well, it was for a heap less than what you done to him a few minutes ago. But let's go eat."

I passed through the cabin to the kitchen and while I was kindling a fire in the stove I saw Daddy with an armful of hay and a peck measure of oats, toting the little horse down the path back to the cabin to disappear with it in the direction of the gulch where the abandoned "Little Jennie" claim lay. I had the coffee made and the bacon fried by the time he got back, and after we had eaten the blossomed out in an entirely new way—that of commander in chief.

"This is movin' day, Stannie," he announced briefly. "If you'll dig up the chuck and canned stuff you can find and tote it over to the shaft-house, I'll fetch the blankets and the 'hookin' tins."

I obeyed blindly, and entirely without prejudice to a lively curiosity as to what this new move might mean. While I was emptying the kitchen and emptying the old man unceremoniously from the closet under the left ladder, and with it a box of ammunition; and I observed that this second gun, like the one he had carried on our first night of the night, looked as if it had been freshly oiled and rubbed every day since it had left the factory.

"You'll have a lot of talking to do presently," I warned him. "You seem to forget that you haven't yet told me what's biting you."

"Maybe there ain't nothin' bitin' me; maybe I'm just gettin' sort of old and skeery. But it's this-away, Stannie, son: Ever since your gran'paw gave me this here watchin' job, and since I heard tell how them Cripple Creek short-card artists socked it to him on this Cinnabar deal, I been lookin' for trouble. I ain't been easy about them Cripple Creek holdups nary a day since your gran'paw told me to stay there and hold the fort for him."

"You thought perhaps the original owners might try to grab the property by force?"

Daddy looked up at me from under his bushy eyebrows. "Fears to me like you've got a mighty short memory, some way, Stannie. Have you done forgot that bunch of trinkets we saw campin' out in Aute-gulch as we come along by there last daybreak this mornin'? I didn't like the looks of that camp much at the time; and I liked it a whole lot less after we got here and found Charley Bullerton sunnin' himself on the door-step. Made me sort of perk up my ears."

"But, see here, Daddy," I thrust in, "if he's got my deed, or has destroyed it, why—"

"Why, he has as good a right to the Cinnabar as the next one that comes along, as what you're goin' to say. I ain't disputin' you for a minute. But before he can have it, he's got to take it, ain't he? And we've got two mighty good HT pieces of artillery that says he's goin' to have one joyful old time takin' it; that is, if you're of the same mind that I am."

"By Jove! I wanted to put my arms around the old Spartan and hug him! As I've said, there were ten or a dozen men in that bunch we'd seen in the gulch, and he was calmly proposing to stand up to them, as confidently as if it were all in the day's work."

"I get you now, Daddy," I said, "and if there's a fight coming to us, your deed is mine. We'll give them the best we've got."

"I thought the two old-fashioned guns and Jennie's pistol promised a poor chance for an effective defense; but Daddy Hiram proceeded to show me what we had at least one other resource. In the mine stores left behind by the former operating company were three boxes of sixty-per-cent dynamite, with fuse and caps, and Daddy pointed out that there were good possibilities wrapped up in the greasy brown-paper cartridges if the enemy should come close enough to let us use them."

"I believe you had this all doped out in advance, Daddy," I said, when he had a neat little row of the cartridges laid out on the floor. "But surely you didn't expect to hold out alone if those sharks sent a crowd of 'jumpers' in to run you off?"

"Me and Jennie," he said simply. "We'd 'a' done our level best; and the angels couldn't do no more than that."

Here, unless the old man was sadly mistaken in his daughter, was another and wholly unsuspected side of the blue-eyed maiden displayed for me. I tried to imagine Lisette helping her father, or me, or any lone man, to defend a beleaguered mine against an armed attack. It was so funny that I shouted. "Do you mean to say that Jennie would shut herself up in here and load the guns for you against a mob of mine jumpers?"

He looked up with a prideful sparkle in his mild blue eyes.

"You don't half know that little girl of mine, yet, Stannie, son," he said earnestly. And then: "She's the only one I ever had, you see; and she ain't had any mother since she can remember. Maybe I hadn't ort to taught her to ride hawsses and shoot, and them things; but it seemed like I had to."

"You haven't made her one iota less womanly—or lovable," I hastened to say. Then I blurted out the thing that had been weighing on me ever since we had found Bullerton loafing on the door-step: "Do you suppose they could

—is there any way they could have been married yesterday, Daddy?"

"Uh-huh; I reckon there was. They might 'a' gone on down to Angels. There's a justice o' the peace down there."

It still lacked a full hour of noon when we got our preparations made and were ready to stand a siege. Then we waited, and waited some more; and after a while I began to grin. What if we had stampered ourselves needlessly? After all, the men we had seen in the deep gulch might really have been tramps, and not a Bullerton army. Would the mining engineer, unprincipled as he doubtless was, go to the length of trying to dispossess us by force? The more I thought of it, the more unlikely it seemed.

"I guess maybe we were scared of a shadow, after all, Daddy," I said. "Bullerton has had time enough to bring up his army, if he has one."

"I ain't countin' much on his backin' down," was the drawing rejoinder. "Ye see, I know Charley Bullerton of old; keen knowin' him ever since he first bysted into the minin' game. That was over in the Sagache. He's an all-round cuss, but he's a stayer. Besides, you roughed him up sort of hurtful this mornin', and he's got that to make him spit-ey. We'll be hearin' from him as soon as he gets things yanked 'round into shape to suit him."

Still, as time passed and nothing happened, it looked less and less likely that we were going to have to fight for our holding ground. I don't know to this good day what made Bullerton so slow in bringing up his army, but it was high noon, and Daddy and I were eating a cold luncheon, with the shaft-house door-sill for a seat, when we saw the army coming. It was a straggling gang of perhaps a dozen men; we couldn't count them accurately because the road on the bench wound in and out among the trees.

They came up within easy rifle shot and pitched their camp, if you could call it that, in a little glade. At that distance we could see that they were armed, but, of course, we couldn't tell what kind of guns they had. After they had taken possession of the small open space, two of them set to work to build a cooking fire.

At the halt in the glade one of the party—Bullerton, we guessed it was—broke a branch from a pine, stripped the twigs from it, and made it a flag-staff for his white handkerchief. Under this flag of truce he and two of his

men came out, leaving their guns behind. There was a climb of about thirty feet, maybe, coming up from the bench to the ledge upon which the mine buildings stood, so we got a fairly good look at the peace party before it came within talking distance. Bullerton still had a slight touch of the wry-neck, and the devil-may-care jauntiness which had been his chief characteristic as a guest of the Twomblys had been wiped from his face and manner like a picture from a black-board.

As the three of them topped the rise in the ore road I reached behind me and got one of the Winchester.

"That's near enough!" I called out. "Do your talking from there, if you've anything to say."

The delegation halted and Bullerton took a paper from his pocket.

"I'm serving legal notice upon you, Broughton," he said, waving the paper at me, "and I have two witnesses here, as the law requires. I represent the Cinnabar Mining company of Cripple Creek. You are trespassing on our property and I am making a formal demand for possession."

"So that's the new wrinkle, is it?" I laughed. "I was hoping you might spring something a little more original. How are you going to prove ownership?"

"The burden of proof isn't on us; it's on you!" he ripped out. "You haven't a shadow of claim to this mine. I've got your so-called deed right here"—and he shook that at us. "It's a forgery; a clumsy, childish forgery that wouldn't impose upon a blind man! We can send you to the rock pile on the strength of it if we want to!"

Since he had stolen the deed out of my pocket, I thought, of course, that he was just bluffing about its being a forgery. He must have known perfectly well that it wasn't. But Daddy was whispering in my ear as he sat behind me. Something like this: "Gosh-all-Friday, Stannie, he's got you goin'! He's made a copy o' the deed

and threw the 'rignar away—burnt it up, 'r somethin'!"

"You have it all your own way, Bullerton—or you think you have," I told him; and if I didn't get all of the self-confidence into the words that I tried to, I am persuaded that he didn't know the difference. "I might even concede that you have everything but the mine itself. If you want that, you may come and take it; but you'll permit me to say that when you break into this shaft-house there will be fewer people alive on Cinnabar mountain than there are at the present moment. I shall quite possibly be one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall do my best to make you another."

"All right," he snapped back; "you're speaking for yourself, and that's your privilege. But how about you, Twombly? This is no quarrel of yours. Suppose you go over yonder to your cabin and stay out of the fight. Nobody wants to hurt you."

That put it pretty squarely up to me, too, so I turned to the old man at my side.

"It's good advice, Daddy," I said; "and this isn't your quarrel. You'd better duck while you can."

Daddy Hiram made no reply at all to me; didn't pay any attention to me. Instead, he stood up on the door-sill and shook his fist at Bullerton.

"I been lookin' for you and your kind of a crowd for a year back, Charley Bullerton, and drawin' pay for doin' it!" he shrieked. "Stannie, here, says if you want this mine you can come and take it, and, by gum, I say them same identical words!"

"All right," said Bullerton again. "But it's only fair to say that we outnumber you six to one, and we've got the law, and a few deputy sheriffs, on our side. You two haven't as much show as a cat in hell without claws, and when the circus is over, you'll both go to jail, if there's enough left of you to stand the trip." Then, as he was turning to go he flipped the deed into the air so that it fell at our feet. "You may have that," he sneered. "We'd like nothing better than to have you produce it in court."

It didn't seem just fitting to let him have the last word, so I pitched a small ultimatum of my own after him as he herded his two scoundrelly-looking "witnesses" into the downward road.

"One thing more, Bullerton," I called out. "Your flag of truce holds only until you get back to your army. If you or any of your men are in sight of Cinnabar property ten minutes after you reach your camp, we open fire."

Since the truce was thus definitely ended, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closing the doors and making everything snug I asked Daddy what kind of human timber Bullerton was likely to have in his army, and if there were any chance that his boast about having deputy sheriffs in the crowd was to be taken at its face value.

"There's nothin' to the deputy brag, like Beasley is the chief deputy for this end o' the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse comytaters down yonder. As for what he has got, there's no tellin'. Most likely he's picked up a fistful o' toughs and out-of-works down in Angels. There's always plenty o' drift o' that kind hangin' 'round a minin' camp."

"Fighters?" I queried.

"Oh, yes; I reckon so—if fightin' comes easier than workin'."

With the doors shut and barred I climbed up on our breastwork to bring my eyes on a level with one of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimatum interval had come to an end, but the raiders were making no move to vacate the premises. On the contrary, their cooking fire was now burning briskly and they were apparently making leisurely preparations to eat. It fairly made me schoolboy furious to see those fellows calmly getting their noon meal ready and ignoring my warning.

"Hand me up one of those dynamite cartridges!" I barked at Daddy Hiram; and when he complied, I lighted a match and stuck it to the split end of the fuse. There was a fizz, a cloud of acrid smoke to make me turn my face away and cough, and then a frenzied yell from the old man.

"Throw it!—good-gosh-to-Friday—throw it!"

I contrived to get it out through the window opening in some way, and lost my balance on the earth bags doing it,

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JANUARY 15

ELIJAH'S CHALLENGE OF BAAL WORSHIP.

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 18:1-46.
GOLDEN TEXT—This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—I John 5:4.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Josh. 24:14-28; Eph. 6:10-20.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God Answers Elijah's prayer.
JUNIOR TOPIC—One Man Against Four Hundred and Fifty.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jehovah's Victorious Champion.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Modern Evil; How to Fight Them.

I. Elijah Meets Ahab (vv. 17-19).

At the Lord's command, Elijah shows himself to Ahab. When Elijah was last seen by Ahab, he announced that rain would only be given by his word (17:1). In connection with the Prophet's appearing before the king, rain was promised.

1. Ahab's question—"Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" (v. 17). Ahab's aim was to intimidate Elijah—to awe him into submission.

2. Elijah's answer (v. 18). He denied the charge and boldly declared that the calamity which had befallen the nation was caused by the idolatry of Ahab and his family.

II. Elijah's Challenge (vv. 19-24).

1. The people assembled (vv. 19, 20). The king convened the people at the urgent request of Elijah.

2. Elijah's ringing call to decision (vv. 21-24). (1) The question asked—Who is your God, Baal or the Lord? (v. 21). Many of the people had not wholly forsaken God. They attempted to worship both God and Baal. Many today are halting between two opinions; they are halting between self and God—sin and holiness—mammon and God. But the question must be settled sooner or later. In fact, the decision is being made every day. (2) The silence of the people (v. 21). This may have been because of fear of the king or ignorance, for many were of the opinion that to be religious was the only thing necessary, irrespective of the being worshipped. (3) The method of decision (vv. 22-24). Two sacrifices were to be provided, one to be offered to Baal, the other to God. The god who answered by fire was to be the God. The people consented that this was a fair test.

III. The Test Applied (vv. 25-30).

1. The offering by the prophets of Baal (vv. 25-29). Elijah gave a fair test, even placed the advantage on the other side. He gave the prophets of Baal the first opportunity to prove to the people as to whether Baal was a real god. Elijah taunted them, and they more earnestly cried to Baal, but no answer came.

2. The offering by Elijah (vv. 30-30). The people invited near (v. 30). His object was for them to see the entire proceedings in order to fully grasp the genuineness of the test. (2) The altar repaired (vv. 30-32). Before there can be the power of God manifested, the altar must be repaired. Elijah took twelve stones, representing the united nation. God is one, and His people is one. (3) The offering on the altar (vv. 33-35). After the bullock was in place, he had four barrels of water three times emptied upon the sacrifices and the wood so as to fill the trench about the altar. So sure was Elijah that God's power was sufficient, that he heaped difficulty upon difficulty. (4) Elijah's prayer (vv. 36-37). (a) It was based upon covenants (v. 36). The foundation upon which all real prayer rests is covenant relationship. (b) Its object was God's exaltation (v. 36). Elijah was jealous for God's glory—his supreme desire was to honor and magnify the Lord. The only thing that he asked for himself was to be known as God's servant. (c) It was for the salvation of the people (v. 37). His heart yearned after Israel. He was most desirous that they should come to know God. (5) The result (vv. 38, 39). (a) The fire of the Lord fell and consumed not only the sacrifice, but the wood, stones and dust, even licking up the water in the trench. (b) The people fell on their faces and confessed that the Lord was the God.

IV. The Execution of Baal's Prophets (v. 40).

The reason for this drastic action was that Israel's government was a theocracy—God was their King. Idolatry was treason against the King. These false prophets were traitors to God and therefore should die.

V. God's Prophets Vindicated (vv. 41-46).

The proof that Elijah was God's prophet was incomplete till rain came. Israel under his ministry had now turned back to God, and God made known to them His graciousness.

The Bounds of the Sea.
Fear ye not me? said the Lord; will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?—Jeremiah, 5:22.

The End of Enmity.
When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.—Proverbs 10:7.

The GIRLA HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE



FROM a silver-spoon and soft-mattress existence, Stanford Broughton suddenly is confronted with the alternative of looking for a job or, another kind of quest, try and locate a mysterious legacy left him by an eccentric grandfather.

He does not know the character of the property, but the grandfather's directions say that it is somewhere between the 105th and 110th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and the 35th and 40th degrees north latitude.

When he finds it he will be able to identify it by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes, a small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse and a dog with a split face—half black and half white. He is game and he starts to look for the combination. The troubles he has in locating it and the adventures and dangers through which he passes in securing possession of the property, also the romantic incidents in which the girl is a figure, make up this very fascinating narrative.

It is Mr. Lynde's habit to tell stories like this, and there are readers in multitudes who would be sorry to have him depart from the custom.

READ IT AS A SERIAL IN THESE COLUMNS

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COLUMBIA, KY.

COTINUED PAGE 2

tumbling awkwardly into Daddy's arms as I fell. Coincident with the tumble, the stout old shaft-house rocked to the crash of an explosion that was still echoing from the cliffs of the mountain above when the sour fumes of the dynamite rose to float in at the window holes.

"G-good gizzards!" stuttered Daddy Hiram, "did you reckon I cut them fuses long enough so 't you could hold 'em in your hands and watch 'em burn?"

"What do I know about fuses?" I asked, grinning at him. Then I mounted the breastwork again and looked out, prepared to see the entire landscape blown into shreds.

Aside from a few sheets of corrugated iron torn from the roof of the adjacent ore shed, the landscape appeared to be fairly intact and still with us. But down on the bench below, the lately kindled cooking fire was burning in solitary confinement. The raiders, to a man, had disappeared.

CHAPTER XIV.

Applied Hydraulics.

"They've skipped," I reported to Daddy, as I climbed down from the earth sacks, "and that shows us the quality of the humanity stuff we have to deal with. Bullerton will never get that bunch to rush us in the open."

"That's something gained, anyway," said the old man; "and ever 't' hit helps. But if they ain't goin' to take it standin' up, we got to look out for 'em doin' it; the snake-in-the-grass kind. Charley Bullerton ain't goin' to quit none so easy."

Nevertheless, for an hour or more, it looked as if the jumpers had quit. In due time the cooking fire in the little glade burned out, and no one came to rekindle it. Around and about the solemn silence of the mountain wilderness ringed us in, and it was hard to realize that the siege had not been abandoned—though we knew well enough it hadn't.

We put in the time as best we could, tinkering up our defenses and trying to provide for all the contingencies. For one thing, Daddy found a big auger and used it to bore loopholes at various places through the wall, by means of which we could command the approaches to the shaft-house on two of the three exposed sides. Eastwardly, the blacksmith shop intervened between us and the boiler shed—it was built as a lean-to against that side of the shaft-house—and in that direction we were necessarily blind. The fourth side, as I have said, faced an abrupt cliff of the mountain, a rocky wall rising to maybe twice the height of the buildings and almost overhanging them. At its summit this cliff tapered off into a steep upward slope, bare of timber; hence we were comparatively secure from attack in that quarter.

As to provisioning we were not so badly off. Daddy Hiram, well used in his long experience as a prospector to figuring upon the longevity of "grub-stakes," estimated that, what with the canned stuff, part of a sack of flour, and another of cornmeal, we could live for a week, though the cooking was going to be rather inconvenient. For a fire we should have to resort to the forge in the blacksmith shop, and the shop was nothing but an open-cracked shed, as I have described it, entirely indefensible if the raiders should conclude to rush it.

In the fulness of time the period of suspense came to an end, and we were given audible proof that Bullerton had finally made his "dispositions," as an army man would say. The announcement came in the form of a rifle bullet ripping through the roof of the shaft-house as if the stout iron roofing had been so much paper.

"The fun's a-beginnin'," said Daddy; and the words were hardly out of his mouth before another bullet came, this time from the opposite direction, and it, also, tore through the roof.

"Got us surrounded," Daddy grimaced, when a third shot came from still another point of the compass; and within the next fifteen minutes Bullerton's demonstration was made complete. The shots, fired one at a time, and at intervals of a minute or so, came from all three of the exposed sides of the building, and the time elapsing between the ripping crashes on the roof and the crack of the guns told us that the marksmen were all well beyond the range of our Winchester, even if we could have seen them—which we couldn't.

Bullerton had evidently given his men orders to aim at the roof, for it was only a stray bullet now and then that came through the walls. After a time the purpose of the bombardment became obvious. Bullerton seemed to have absorbed the idea that he could break our nerve—wear us out. After the first fusillade the shots came at intervals of maybe five minutes; just often enough to keep us on the strain; and I don't mind admitting that the object was handsomely gained. I can't speak for Daddy Hiram or the dog, but at the end of the first hour I was little better than a bunch of raw nerves.

As all days must, this wearisome first day came to an end at last, and with the coming of dusk the bombardment stopped—with our roof looking like a sieve.

But after darkness had settled down we were made to feel in another way how utterly helpless we were. We could see nothing, hear nothing. Through we knew we were surrounded, the silence and solitude were unbroken, and the strain was greater than that

of a pitched battle. If we were to get any sleep at all, a night watch could be maintained by only one of us at a time; and with our utmost vigilance a surprise attack would be the easiest thing in the world for Bullerton to pull off.

There are no night noises in the high altitudes, unless the wind happens to be blowing; no frogs or tree-toads, no insects; and the silence was fairly deafening—and maddening.

Not wishing to strike a match to determine the exact end of my watch period, I stuck it out, meaning to give Daddy good measure. So I think it must have been somewhere around ten o'clock when the collie woke with a start, jumped up, took the kinks out of his back with a little whining yawn, and trotted to the door—the one opening toward the cabin across the dump head. Screwing an eye to one of Daddy's auger-bored loopholes, I tried to fathom the outer darkness, which was only a degree or so less Egyptian than that of the shaft-house interior.

Though I could see nothing suspicious it was very evident that the dog could hear something. He had his nose to the crack under the door and was growling. I quieted him and listened. Something was going on, either inside of the cabin or back of it; in the dead silence I could distinguish a low murmur of voices and, a moment later, a sound like that which would be made by the cautious opening of one of the sliding windows. While I still had my eye to the peep-hole a jet of flame spurted from the dark bulk of the cabin, and simultaneously a bullet tore through the shaft-house roof. The raiders had captured our outposts.

The report and the bullet clatter aroused Daddy Hiram, and when I turned he was at my elbow.

"Done croke up on us, have they, son?" he said in his usual unruffled manner. Then: "Maybe this is just a sort o' false notion over here. Spose you try and get a squint at things over on the blacksmith-shop side, Stannie."

I stumbled across to the other door, taking the collie with me. I could see nothing in that direction; less than nothing, since the lean-to shop building cut off what little light the stars gave. But the black darkness didn't hamper Barney's ears or his nose, and his eagerness to get back to the real battle front was a good proof that there was as yet nothing stirring on our side of things.

Groping my way back to Daddy I found that he had one of the Winchester and seemed to be trying to fit a ramrod to the barrel. When I finally made out what he was doing I found that he had thrust a piece of heavy wire into the gun-barrel and was impaling one of the dynamite cartridges on its projecting end.

"LIT skrocket," he chuckled; then, with quaint humor: "You stand by with a match, Stannie, and let's see what-all's goin' to happen. When I say the word, you stick your match to the fuse."

Heavens! maybe I didn't enjoy a delightful little spasm as I got a flash-light mental picture of that old man fumbling around with a lighted cartridge at the muzzle of his gun, trying to poke cartridge and gun-barrel through a hole in the door that couldn't possibly have been over two and a half inches in diameter—and in the dark, at that! What if he shouldn't be able to find the hole in time? Or if he should succeed in finding it and the rifle bullet should jam on the wire? Or any one of a dozen "ifs" that might fail to rid us of the deadly thing before it should go off and blow us to kingdom come?

But there was no time to haggle about it, and the whang of another high-powered bullet on the iron roof over our heads speeded things up.

"Do your do," Daddy muttered; and I struck a match, sheltered the tiny flame in my hollowed hands until it got going good, and then, with a silent prayer that Daddy might not miss the hole, stuck the blaze to the frayed end of the powder string.

Coming all three together as it seemed to me, there were spittings like those of an angry cat, a puff of choking powder smoke, and the crack of the rifle. For just about three seconds nothing further happened; but at the fourth second or thereabouts—oh, boy! The cabin was stoutly and solidly built of logs, as I may have mentioned,



In the Flash of the Explosion We Had a Glimpse of Doors and Windows Caving In.

but in the flash of the rending explosion we had a glimpse of doors and windows caving inward and a section of the split-shingle roof leaping toward the spacious firmament on high.

"Now, durn ye," was Daddy Hiram's morose comment, made with an eye to a peep-hole, "now, durn ye, maybe you'll let folks sleep peaceable for a little spell!"

Of course, in the darkness, made thicker by the cloud of dust the explosion had kicked up, we couldn't tell what had become of the cabin garrison, or whether or no we'd killed all or any of it. But the immediate result was perfectly soul-satisfying. There were no more roof bombardments, and after we had remained on watch together for perhaps half an hour, Daddy sent me to the blankets for my forty winks; did this, and afterward played a low-down trick on me. For, what with the previous night's broken rest, and the more or less exciting and strenuous day, I slept like a tired baby, and when I awoke the sun was shining in at the two high window holes at something more than an acute angle, and Daddy Hiram was making coffee and frying bacon and baking pan-bread over a chip fire built on a piece of boiler iron we had turned down for hearth purposes the previous evening.

The old angel took my reproachful abuse for his usefulness quite good-naturedly, as he did most things, and made his report of the night's doings. Up to midnight there had been nothing stirring; but after that there had been noises on the blacksmith shop side, and indications that the jumpers were at work on something in the boiler shed. Since this lay beyond our field of vision, we couldn't see what was going on, nor could we apply the dynamite remedy.

Shortly after we had finished breakfast the work noises began again, but with the blanketing blacksmith shop in the way we couldn't see a thing and could only make wild guesses at what the raiders were up to. Along about the middle of the forenoon they fired up one or more of the boilers; a whiff of wind coming along the side of the mountain blew the smoke over so that some of it drifted into the shaft-house through the high windows. Still we were completely lost in the guessing wilderness.

It was a little after noon, while we were squatting on the floor to eat another meal warmed up over the chip fire, that we found out the answer to all the guesses and learned what the mechanical noises of the night and forenoon had been leading up to. One of the left-overs from the working period of the mine was a good-sized steam force pump which, we took it, had once been installed on one of the lower mine levels and had been hoisted out of the shaft ahead of the advancing water flood and put under shelter in a corner of the boiler shed. As I was passing my tin cup for more of Daddy's excellent coffee the rattle and clank of a pump began to make itself heard, together with the coughing chug-chug of the steam exhaust therefrom.

"That's that low-level pump!" I exclaimed. "They must have connected it up with the boiler!"

Whoosh! that was just as far as I got. In the middle midst of the word "boilers," a two-inch jet of muddy water came curving up through one of the window openings to arch over and fall, splash, all over us as we sat munching our dinner. Everlastingly ruined the dinner, put out the fire, upset the coffee pot, and made drowned rats of both of us in less time than it takes to tell it—much less.

So much for that. Of course, we ran and ducked and dodged, like the drowned rats I speak of—hunting for a hole. But now Bullerton's devilish engineering ingenuity came into play. By some means as yet unknown to us, he had contrived a movable nozzle to his squirt-gun, and in another minute there wasn't a single dry spot left in that shaft-house. I venture to say that Daddy and I and the dog ran a full mile trying to get out of range of that demoniacal sozzle-machine, but there wasn't a corner of the place that it couldn't, and didn't, reach.

During the night the scoundrels had laid a pipe line from the pump in the boiler shed alongside of our prison fortress; this with an upright extension on the business end of it. At the top of the sandpipe stem there was an elbow with a short joint of pipe screwed into it to point our way; and on the end of this nozzle there was a piece of rubber hose. Under the jerky impulses of the pump strokes this flexible extension of the nozzle flopped up and down and around and sideways, like the nose of a patent lawn sprinkler; and there you are—or there we were.

"Gosh-to-Solomon!" Daddy spluttered, "we ain't on the water wagon—we're spank inside of it! Are you rememberin', Stannie, that they can keep this gosh-dum thing up 'f'rrever? All in the world they've got to do is to put a stick o' wood on the fire now and then! Say, son; they got us goin' and comin'; we can't eat, and we can't sleep no more whatever!"

"By heavens, I own those boilers, and if I could get a stick of dynamite under 'em, I'd fix the fellow that's firing 'em!" I shivered; and then the bright idea was born. "Say, Daddy, we can stop it!" I yelled; and just then the water devil outside made another fiendish flop and got me squarely in the face.

But it didn't drown the bright idea.

CHAPTER XV.

The idea was one which ought to have suggested itself much sooner. The steam supply pipe for driving the big centrifugals at the shaft-mouth came through the wall over our heads and it was the sight of this pipe



In Another Minute There Wasn't a Single Dry Spot in the Shaft House.

steaming even on the outside of its thick insulating jacket of asbestos under the wetting from the water jet, that had set me thinking.

A spinning twirl of the engine throttle valve set our machinery in motion, and when I had thrown the pump clutch in, we crouched again in the least-wet corner to watch the index of the tell-tale steamgauge connected into the supply pipe.

We knew that the centrifugals were voracious steam-eaters; we had proved that when we were running them in the week-long test. I had a notion that maybe Bullerton had fired only one of the battery of three boilers to run his shower-bath machine, and the result speedily confirmed this assumption. In a few minutes the steam pressure had dropped to a point at which it would no longer drive any of the pumps, either ours or the one outside, and the window cataract stopped.

"This will be only a breathing space," I prophesied, getting up to squeeze some of the superfluous water out of my clothes. "Bullerton will do one of two things: fire the other two boilers, or disconnect this steam pipe of ours."

"Reckon so?" said Daddy.

"You'll see in a minute or so."

The attack began even while we were speaking, sundry hammerings and twistings that shook the pipe overhead proving that the besiegers were going to stop the leak by cutting us off from the boilers.

"Take your whirr at the inventions, this time, Daddy!" I urged. "When they get this supply pipe cut out, we'll be in for another ducking—and one that we can't stop."

Daddy was shaking his head and wringing the moisture—and mud—out of his beard.

"Jerusalem-to-gosh, Stannie, we got to take a chance!" he muttered. "Anyways, I'd about as lief die as be drowned to death. We'll have to muss that blacksmith shop up and get it out o' the way, somehow. Gimme a match out o' that tin box o' your'n—if they ain't all soaked to a jiz-whizzlin' sop."

I found the matches, which, luckily, were still dry, and handed him one. Before I fairly realized what he was going to do, he had taken one of the dynamite cartridges out of its bucket hiding place and was splitting the fuse with his pocketknife.

"Open that door into the shop," he commanded; and when I obeyed mechanically, out went the bomb, fizzing and spluttering, to land in a heap of scrap iron piled on the farther side of the stone-built forge. The sight of it smoking and spitting sparks in the heap of scrap half hypnotized me. I guess, for I stood gaping at it, with the door held open, until Daddy Hiram jerked me away, slammed the door and yelled to me to help him bar it.

We had barely time to get the door closed and fastened with the heavy wooden bar and to throw ourselves flat on the floor behind the hoisting machinery before the crash came. As I have previously said, the blacksmith shop was a rather flimsy, shed-like affair, roofed with corrugated iron, and it seemed to us as if broken timbers and pieces of sheet metal were raining down for a full minute after the blast went off.

The shock to everything in the vicinity was, of course, tremendous and the stout old shaft-house itself rocked and swayed like a tree in a hurricane. But the walls still stood intact, and when we got up and peeped through a hole which a piece of the flying scrap had torn in the door, we could see what we had done. It was a plenty. The blacksmith shop had disappeared, leaving nothing but a scattering of wreckage. The heavy anvil had been thrown from its block and the forge looked as if a giant had kicked it. Out by the boiler-shed a rack of cordwood had been toppled over and under it a man was struggling to free himself. When he saw the imprisoned enemy that mild-mannered, soft-spoken old soldier that I was shut up with would have opened the door and shot the struggler if I hadn't stopped him.

This blowing up of the shop settled the shower-bath business for us definitely. With the impediment out of the way we had a clear view on this third side; could command the row of miners' cabins, as well as the boilers in their open shed. When I got through persuading Daddy Hiram that we couldn't afford to murder the

wounded, the fellow who had been wrestling with the woodpile had made his exit and there was nobody in sight. Shortly afterward a bullet, fired from somewhere in the forest background, whanged upon our roof, and there were several to follow; but aside from punching a few more holes in the iron they did no harm.

"Looks like the 'Hercules' is the one thing they're most skeered of," said Daddy, with his queer little stuttering chuckle. "Now maybe they'll leave us have time to get ourselves dried out a mite."

Totting up the results of the shower-bath we'd had, a bread famine promised to be the worst of them. The few cans of beans, tomatoes and peaches—the campers' standbys—were unhurt, of course, and the muddled bacon could be washed with water drawn from the flooded shaft. But the flour in its sack was merely a blob of paste and was beyond redemption and the cornmeal was the same. In view of the results I wondered if Bullerton hadn't shrewdly calculated upon washing our commissary out of existence when he planned his overgrown lawn-sprinkler. But maybe that was giving him credit for more ingenuity than he really had.

Through what remained of the afternoon the rifle firing continued, coming sometimes from one angle and sometimes from another, but always cannily from a safe distance and always under cover of the surrounding forest. Daddy Hiram, grimly optimistic, extracted a swallow or so of encouragement out of the persistent pot-shooting.

"Dunno as you've ever noticed it, Stannie, but if you'll only let a hog alone long enough he'll shove himself under the bob-wire fence far enough to get caught," he said. "Charley Bullerton, now; he's plum' forgot that 'Tropia's less 'n five miles away and that sound carries mighty long distances in these mountains in clear weather."

"What difference does that make?" I asked.

"It may make a heap o' difference. Looks to me like somebody—Buddy Fuller, 'r Jim Hagerty, the section boss, 'r some o' 'em down yonder 'd begin a wonderin', after a spell, what in tarnation all this here blazin' and rifle-poppin' up on old Cinnabar is a 'p'intin' at and come and see."

"Do you think the racket will carry that far?"

"It sure will. One night afore 'Tropia had gone as dead as she is now, a bunch o' cowpunch's got into an argument at Blue-nose Bill's place and we heard the crackin' and poppin' up here—Jennie and me—like it was just over yonder in Greaser gulch."

"Well!" said I, "if your nephew or any of the others hear it, what then?"

As I asked the question one of the low-amd shots tore through the side of the building, struck the iron frame of the hoist, flattened itself and dropped into the old man's lap. Picking up the hot bit of lead to dandle it from hand to hand he went on much as if he were firing bullets that were fired at him had been his daily recreation.

"Curiosity killed the cat, Stannie, son. You let some one o' the folks down yonder in 'Tropia say, 'By golly! I wonder what all that shootin's for?' and the next thing you know, somebody'll be mogglin' up here to find out."

Along about dusk some member of the besieging party tried to make a reconnaissance. I happened to be keeping the lookout on the cabin side of our fortress and saw a man dodging among the pines back of the house. When I reported to Daddy he took a snap shot at the place I pointed out to him and there was a wild yell and a stir in the young pines as though a hog were galloping through them.

"Just to let 'em know that we're still alive and kickin'," said the old man, with another of his quavering chuckles. "I reckon maybe that's what they was aimin' to find out."

Possibly it was. At all events, the rifle fire stopped with the coming of darkness, and as we faced our second night of defense we had plenty of time to sit around and think and speculate upon what the outcome was going to be.

Taking it all in all, it was the fantastic humor of the thing that hit me hardest. Six short weeks earlier people at home had been calling me all the hard names that fall to the lot of the idle ne'er-do-well; a young chap with enough inheritance money to keep him in ties and shoes and shirts and to buy gas for his car—though that last asked for a good bit on the rising cost of gasoline—and not enough to make life, or anything connected therewith, very much worth while.

TO BE CONTINUED

Get After Business.

The Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information has sent a bulletin to the manager of each of the utility properties in the State of Illinois, which contains these words:

"The only solution is to get after business. Don't wait for it to come to you. One of the best known means of promoting and backing up an active business is through newspaper advertising."

This is a conclusion reached after it has been pointed out that industrial depression has

added to the burdens of the utility companies and diminished the demand for their services. The committee offers to co-operate with utility companies in preparing advertising and stimulating sales.

Thus another conspicuous incident marks the passing of the institution which seeks to sustain the argument that it has nothing to advertise. It is daily being demonstrated that advertising is the life of business, whether that business be engaged in selling merchandise or service.

The New York Stock Exchange after adhering for generations to a rule that proclaimed the provincialism of the institution, has let down the bars and will permit its members to advertise as business judgment dictates within the code of business ethics.

One railroad after another has discovered the value of good-will developed by advertising. The packers who studiously avoided public attention for many years have recently done some exceptionally valuable publicity work in advertising columns of newspapers.

Samuel Insull long ago learned the good-will value of letting the customer and the security owner know what their properties are doing, and his example is largely responsible for the work now undertaken by the Illinois committee.

The public utilities of Iowa are today forming a public utility information committee similar to that inspired by Mr. Insull. If it can render as good service to the utilities of Iowa as the Illinois bureau has given to those of this state in the short time that has elapsed since its organization, it will have justified its existence in the first year of its operation.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Butler, Mo.

Jan. 1, '22

Editor News:—

You don't know who is doing this writing, but I am getting homesick to hear from my old home. I was born on Green river, near Neatsville, in a neighborhood called Little Cake. 20 years ago the 25th of this month and my name is T. C. Jones. They called me Tom Jones, when I was a boy. Now, Mr. Editor I want to get in touch with some of my relations and old neighbors there, the Neats, Winfreys, Dillinghams, Wheats, and Abes White's family. I am Phillip Jones' oldest boy. I left Kentucky in 1872 I have lived in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and have lived in Missouri 21 years. I have two brothers and one sister living and all of them doing well and I am a retired farmer. I am living in Butler, Mo., 200 E Walnut Street. I have seven children, three boys and four girls, all married but my baby. He is 18 years old. I have 22 grandchildren. Enclosed find one dollar to pay for your paper till it runs out. If any of my old friends will write to me, I will answer their letters.

T. C. Jones, Butler, Mo.

Congressman Ayres, of Kansas, says if the people were to vote today they would vote overwhelmingly democratic. He says they have learned they were fooled in 1920.

Ozark.

Christmas passed quietly here. The weather was beautiful so there was quite a lot of visiting.

Mr. Marvin Medaris and family of Esto, visited Mr. John White and family during the holidays.

Mr. Milt Wolford and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morris, of Columbia, visited relatives here during Christmas.

Everett Bryant, of Miami, visited his grandparents during the week.

Mrs. May Bottoms and children of Russell Springs, visited her father Mr. J. M. Blair during Christmas.

Misses Daisy and Pina McKinley, of Columbia, visited relatives here during the week. They are interesting girls and their visit was much enjoyed.

Mr. Dewey Combest and George R. Montgomery, who worked in Iowa the past year, returned in time to spend Christmas at home.

Mr. Damon Huff, who has been working in Louisville, is at home.

Misses Susie and Mae Bryant of Gentry's Mill, visited Miss Maud Bryant, during the week.

Misses Allene and Nell Blair, Rosa B. and Kate White visited Miss Lula Bryant last Sunday.

Misses Edyth and Ethyl Montgomery visited their cousins the Misses Blair during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. June Montgomery entertained quite a number of friends Christmas day.

Miss Josie Loy is visiting her cousin Mrs. E. A. McKinley.

The lumber from the yard of Graycraft is being hauled to town this week.

Mr. Razner will begin sawing next Monday.

Thanks of the community are due Mrs. Albert Bryant and pupils for the splendid entertainment given at the close of her school.

Mr. Wilt Powell is confined to his room with rheumatism.

Miss Bessie Hurt entered school at Columbia last Monday.

Miss Rosa B. White, another of our best girls will be in school this winter.

Lone Willis was kicked by a mule last Saturday, but not seriously hurt.

Knifley.

The health of the community is very good at present.

Dr. Mitchell from Campbells-ville was visiting old friends in our midst last Wednesday.

Miss Eltha Dunbar, who has been teaching near Milltown, came home last Friday.

The Methodists are erecting a new parsonage at this place.

Mr. Charlie Herriford bought of Mrs. Margaret Humphries a lot in front of Wheeler & Son on which he will erect a dry goods store.

Miss Lottie Knifley, who has been teaching near Mac, Taylor county, came home to spend the holidays.

Mr. Newman Chelf and Miss Nancy Spires eloped to Jeffersonville, Indiana, last Friday night and were married.

Mr. Charlie McDermott, of Mannsville, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Mattie Sherrill, at this place.

Miss Minnie Knifley was shopping in Campbells-ville one day last week.

Mr. Bird Bailey has been confined to his bed for several days with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brockman were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Volney Dunbar last Tuesday night.

Misses Edith Chelf, Ina Hovious and Mr. Wayne Goode spent Xmas. day at Joe Beards.

EDITORIALS.

The Courier-Journal reports that there is not a single automobile in Leslie county. Hyden is the county seat and it has over 2000 inhabitants, and we inclined to the opinion that the report is incorrect.

One idea of national defense is that we must dye to live.

The Woodrow Wilson Foundation campaign begins January 16. It is said that Kentucky will easily raise her allotment, \$50,000.

Committees of both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature were given out last week, and in the next few days both bodies will be down to business. Tax legislation is going to occupy sometime, but it is generally believed that relief will be brought about. The Democrats have two majority in the Senate and in the House it is large.

The New Year is young yet, and now is an opportune time to subscribe for The Adair County News. It is your home paper, and it will keep you posted about the affairs of the county. If you are not now a citizen of the county you will need the paper to learn what is going on among your old friends. If you have young people in your family, you should not fail to subscribe. They will see names weekly that they are familiar with, making it a medium for them to read and keep posted. Send in your name at once.

Senator Penrose was buried without ceremony and it was strictly private. The grounds in which he was buried were surrounded by a patrol, and newspaper reporters were notified that if they entered they would do so at their peril. When the father of Senator Penrose was buried it occurred at midnight in order that no one be present but the family.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Judge Hurt.

Editor Evening Post:

What you say in the Evening Post of the 20th inst., about Judge Rollin Hurt is entirely pertinent to the subject and to the occasion. He has the legal learning to honor the bench and the personal temperament to grace it. He is a just Judge, as well as a gifted jurist, and an honest man. No public man Kentucky ever knew is more worthy of indorsement.

But if he is to be retired and the Democratic party of old Kentucky is wanting a leader, Rollin Hurt fills the bill to the limit. In political conviction, in intellectual capacity, in personal character, he is all such a leader ought to be. He is not what folks mean by the epithet, "practical politician." He is no Boss, but suffer him to come in contact

with the mass of the people, and he will attract votes in every community. A splendid man in personal presence, his capacity for inspiring confidence and making friends is immense. Nature made him a Democrat with a little "d," and that conviction that is the child of reflection made him a Democrat with a big "D."

He has an exquisite sense of humor, such as Proctor Knott was blessed with, that makes him a delightful companion, and he reads men as readily and as accurately as he reads books. He is powerful on the stump, and as head of a State ticket after a thorough canvass of the entire Commonwealth Rollin Hurt would poll more votes than any other living Kentuckian.

The devil of it is that he is too poor in world's pelf to be Governor.

The Evening Post is right. The thing to do is to re-elect him Judge.

SAVOYARD.

Washington D. C., Dec. 27, 1921.


The legislative record of the Republican party for 1921 is a legislative tragedy. It is a story of huge appropriations and ex-

travagant expenditures; of promises unfilled or wilfully broken; of Legislation delayed or so badly constructed that it satisfies nobody; of agricultural interests deceived and business interests betrayed; of a partly frustrated attempt to serve only special privilege; of a leaderless majority groping in the dark and displaying at every uncertain step its lack of understanding of the problem confronting it and its inability to solve them.

The Bingham bill co-operating marketing has passed the Kentucky Senate without a dissenting vote. It is now in the House and will doubtless pass and become a law.

Everybody about Columbia was sorry when the result of the Texas game came in. Centre went down in defeat before the A. & M. eleven of that State. The score was 22 to 14. Bo McMillan claims that his playing was the cause of the defeat-out of shape

Hon. Lawrence Finn, of Simpson county, it is said, will oppose Bob Thomas for the Democratic nomination for congress in the Third district. He will have to do some running to win.




In 5 Days

Act 1. Wednesday, October 19. Club de Vingt. New York. "April Showers" is introduced to New York's smartest dancing set.

Act 2. Thursday, October 20. Edison Recording Studios, New York. The Club de Vingt Orchestra records "April Showers."

Act 3. Monday, October 24, Sunrise. U. S. Airplane Mail starts for Chicago with Edison Re-Creations of "April Showers."



Act 4. Monday, October 24, evening. Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Chicago's smart set dances to New Edison's Re-Creations of "April Showers."

The NEW EDISON

astounds competitors—
delights dancers,
by speed in getting out "April Showers"

"APRIL SHOWERS" is the fox-trot hit of the season. It was introduced to New York society on a Wednesday by the famous Club de Vingt Orchestra.

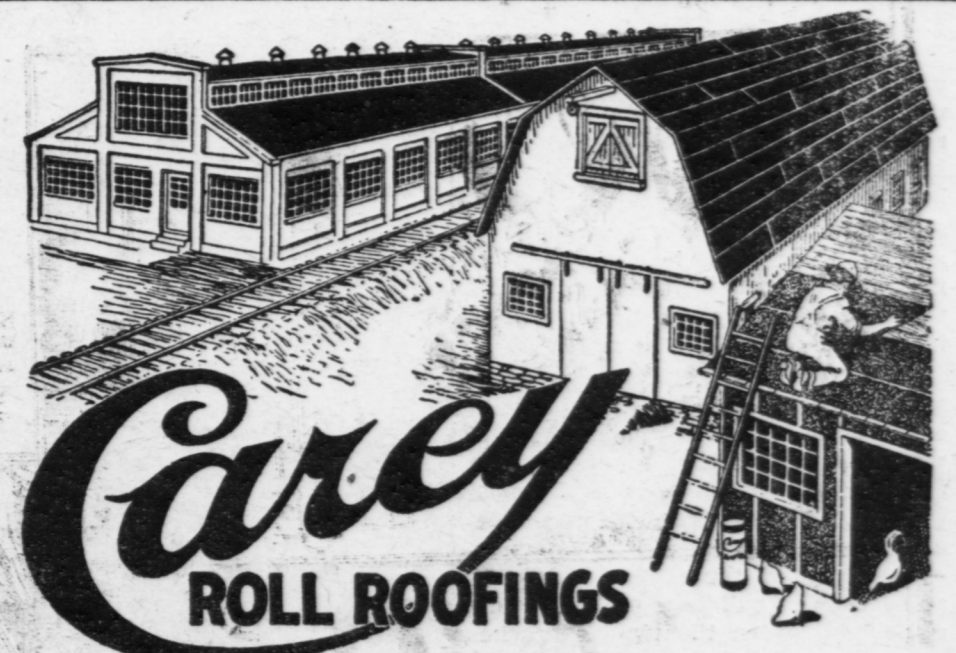
On the following Monday, a New Edison stood in the Black Cat Ball-Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel at Chicago, and RE-CREATED the original Club de Vingt performance of "April Showers."

In five days, Edison flashed this New York hit to Chicago, where—thanks to the New Edison—Chicago society danced to the strains of New York's smartest orchestra.

That's the quickest—by months—that any hit was ever brought from Broadway to phonograph-land.

Edison's "Flashes from Broadway" put Edison owners weeks—even months—ahead on all the newest songs and dances.

HERBERT TAYLOR, COLUMBIA, KY.



CAREY Asphalt Roll Roofings cost but a fraction of the price of tile, slate, metal, or wood shingles.

They can be laid in a small fraction of the time it takes to lay other kinds of roofing.

In spite of their low cost Carey Roll Roofings serve from 10 to 20 years—depending on the weight of the particular roofing. If coated occasionally, they will last much longer. Thus Carey Roll Roofings represent the LOWEST POSSIBLE COST PER YEAR OF SERVICE.

DAVIS HARDWARE CO.,

Columbia, Kentucky.

Automobile thieves did a thriv- of them very valuable. The ing business in Louisville last pickpockets were also industrious Wednesday night. They stole and and did a very satisfactory busi- got away with seven cars, some ness in their line.